

OUR DUMB Animals



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The New Year

EACH New Year's Day is likely to make us think of the past as of the future. The yesterday of the cause we represent—does it warrant us to face tomorrow with larger hope and wider vision? We think it does. Many of the wrongs and evils of the past have been righted, and the lot of animals greatly improved due to the efforts of humane societies. Much remains to be done, but everywhere the interest in animal welfare is deepening. Humane Education is being recognized as a vital element in the training of the young. Large church groups have given it their endorsement and made it a part of their teaching in dealing with the children and youth under their care.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was begun with prayer. Mr. Angell, in his Autobiography, tells how at the close of the meeting at which the Society was organized, he and the Honorary Secretary went to an office underneath and, with a deep sense of responsibility, knelt and asked God to bless it.

Our Society's first appeal to the public closed with these words, "This Society has a great work before it, and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman in Massachusetts who believes in God and has sympathy for His suffering creatures."

Could he speak to us today, George T. Angell might be heard saying as Moses said to Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, neither be Thou dismayed."

E. H. H.



A rabbit's "bedroom" is under the thick lower branches of a bushy evergreen or some sheltering log or brush tangle.

AS we snuggle under the covers in our warm beds and listen to the wind outside on a winter night, we sometimes wonder how the little creatures of the woods and fields are making out. Not all animals hibernate during the winter like the bears, nor do all the birds fly south in the autumn. Some of them stay right with us all winter long and manage to get along fairly well in spite of the cold and snow.

They must sleep somewhere and one can imagine how much trouble you or I would have keeping warm, if we had to sleep in the woods with no fire and no roof over us. Of course, they all have thick coats of fur or feathers grown especially for the winter season, but when it comes to bedtime they all have their sheltered spots where they get some protection from the weather.

The animals probably have the best of it. Creatures like the mink, foxes and wildcats have their dens to which they retire. The beavers and muskrats have their thick-walled houses that keep out a lot of the frost and cold, as well as their prowling enemies. With tunnels leading to their food stores under the ice, these two creatures need never come out in the open either night or day. The squirrel does pretty well, too, with a bed of warm dry leaves, sheltered inside some hollow tree, where he curls up until his bushy tail is keeping his nose warm. If the weather is stormy, he sometimes stays in bed and dozes through the daylight, as well, until the storm blows over. The cottontails and snowshoe rabbits also stay active all

Winter Bedrooms

By John H. Spicer

winter and their sleeping is done under the thick lower branches of a bushy evergreen or in a "form" under some sheltering log or brush tangle.

The birds have a more difficult time of it, as they cannot retire into dens, the way animals do. The wise old owl, however, is as comfortable as any animal, with his cozy bedroom in some hollow tree. The little fellows, like the chickadees, seek shelter for the night in the dense shrubbery.

The writer remembers one Minnesota

night. It just dives down into the soft snow of some deep drift and stays there until morning. The snowy blanket, so often mentioned, is no figure of speech in this case. It actually is warmer beneath the snow than it is above it and the partridge knows that fact. However, this expedient sometimes puts the bird in grave peril. Should there be a sleet storm during the night that puts a frozen crust on top of the snow, the sleeper may not be able to get out again when it awakens in the morning.

The smaller creatures, such as the field mice never have to worry about sleeping quarters in the winter. They spend their entire time beneath the snow and care not what the weather may be like up above. It makes no difference whatever to them and in their grassy tunnels beneath the drifts, they can come and go as they please, without having to watch for shrikes, hawks, owls, snakes or stray cats, as they do in the summer. The numerous tunnels, runways and nests of shredded grass exposed by the spring thaws, show how busy they have been during the winter. In fact, instead of being a prison, the deep snow actually gives them a safety and freedom that they never enjoy at any other time.



Old beaver home that defied the weather and was a safe winter retreat.

home, where the window boxes used to be planted with small, bushy evergreen each tall. On cold nights in the spring and fall, some of the migrating birds, such as the juncos, used to shelter in these evergreens at night and if one slipped quietly to the window, the little fellows could be seen sleeping with their heads under their wings, only a few inches from the glass.

The robins and crows who choose to spend the winter with us, and a few of them do, even as far north as the Great Lakes' country, spend their nights in the swamps. There, the close-growing branches of the crowded cedars provide a friendly shelter that baffles even a blizzard.

The partridges, too, usually roost among the branches of a thick-growing evergreen and their favorite roosts can often be identified. This brave bird knows still another trick for the colder or stormy



Thick-walled house of a muskrat keeps out a lot of the frost and cold, as well as their prowling enemies.

Crusader for Kindness

By James Aldredge

JUST one hundred years ago, there was tremendous excitement in London. A curious visitor had arrived from overseas. From the far-off Ohio wilderness, a thirty-year-old American had come to put on the strangest of all exhibitions in the British capital.

John Rarey proposed to do something unheard of. At this public event, he was going to prove that wild, untamable horses could be driven and handled without the slightest difficulty—if a person showed the proper attitude of humanity.

People who attended that exhibition never forgot what happened. They saw a handsome young man calmly face horses that had been a terror to their drivers. Without a whip or stick of any kind, he spoke to them kindly, and in no time at all the steeds that the owners could not manage submitted quietly to his handling. It was the most amazing spectacle that had ever been afforded horse lovers in England, and the news spread rapidly far and wide.

For John Rarey it perhaps marked the high point of his remarkable career. He had shown his strange power over horses at an early age. John was only four when he was missed, one noon, from the dinner table. A brother who was sent to look for him, soon returned, white-faced, with the news that the youngster was riding the wildest colt on the farm. The whole family rushed to the rescue; but felt rather foolish when John reined in the lively animal at the barn door with no trouble at all. By the time John was nine, he was recognized as the best horseman in that part of Ohio.

For his part, John Rarey attributed his success to three things—kindness, fearlessness and perseverance. When he was thirty, he decided to set forth on a humane mission. He had resolved to prove to horsemen, the world over, how well kindness paid. His first stop would be in England, which as a nation had always had a noble regard for the horse. The success of that first exhibition has already been told.

Probably John Rarey's greatest triumph was his taming of Lord Dorchester's blooded race horse, "Cruiser." Cruiser had certainly become a problem for his owner. He had developed such a temper,



Success: Kindness, Fearlessness and Perseverance.

T. Andreeva

that the roof had to be ripped off to get him out of his stable.

For three years this beautiful steed had been left to himself. His head had been encased in iron ribs and plates, so that he had to lick his food with his tongue. The horse would scream whenever anybody approached.

Here was no ordinary horse for John Rarey to handle. Even Lord Dorchester had small hopes of the trainer's success. Excitement was keen on the day set for the American to face so ungovernable an animal.

The first thing John Rarey did was to throw open the door and walk firmly into the stable. For once, Cruiser seemed surprised by such lack of fear. Then the Ohio horseman did something unheard of—stepping boldly up to Lord Dorchester's steed, he removed the cruel muzzle that it had been wearing for three long years. From that instant, Cruiser was his friend.

Within three hours, Lord Dorchester

was able to mount his horse. But Rarey's proudest hour came when he drove a hack behind Cruiser to London, with crowds cheering all along the way. What a hero John Rarey was! Queen Victoria was one of the first to congratulate him for his achievement.

It would take too long to tell of all John Rarey's triumphs; how he appeared before one crowned head of Europe after another; how he tamed a wild horse of the Cossacks in the presence of the Russian Czar; and how at the age of thirty-three, he was able to go back to his native Groveport, in Ohio, with a fortune of \$100,000.

But John Rarey's story has all too sad an ending. He did not live to enjoy his triumph long. Only six years after his return from abroad, he was stricken with a mortal illness, and died at the untimely age of thirty-nine. It is very easy to believe that no man ever loved horses more.



Voice from Home

By Vincent Edwards

WHEREVER they may travel, no matter to what corner of the globe, the English have always carried in their hearts the song of the skylark. What the voice of that familiar bird could mean to exiles in a far-off land is revealed in a story that comes from Australia.

A young Englishman, who years ago went to that country as a gold digger, finally managed to lay by enough funds to open a trading post at a gold field about two hundred miles from Melbourne. When his business began to pay off in good profits, he sent for his mother and father to join him, and he asked them to be sure to bring along a lark.

The long, arduous journey was too much for the old father, and he died on the voyage out, and had to be buried at sea. However, the mother and the lark at last succeeded in reaching Melbourne, and from there they departed on the last leg of the trip, which ended with their arrival at "The Ovens," the place of the son, Jack Wilsted.

It was on Tuesday when they turned up. The very next morning the lark was put outside the house, and at once began to sing.

The effect was magical. Sturdy diggers, big chaps with beards and great brown hands, paused in the midst of their work and listened wistfully. Far and near the news spread.

"Have you heard the lark?"

"Is it true, mate, that there is a real English skylark up at Jack Wilsted's?"

So it went for three days and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not

been seen since the diggings were opened. From every direction, east, west, north and south, from creeks twenty miles away, there arrived a steady stream of rough, brawny Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decently as possible. The assemblage had not been arranged beforehand, as was proven by the surprise of some men when they came upon old friends in the crowd.

But there they all were, and their object was to hear the lark. Nor were they disappointed. The little minister acted as if he knew the importance of the mission. He plumed his crest and lifting up his voice, sang a sermon which touched his audience more deeply than perhaps the bishop himself could have done.

It was a moving sight to see those three or four hundred men, some lying on the ground, some sitting with their arms on their knees or their heads in their hands, some leaning against the trees with their eyes closed, so they might better fancy themselves at home and in the midst of English cornfields once more.

After an hour, the lark ceased. The audience then started to melt away. The men may have been somewhat melancholy as they thought of their exile, but they were no doubt happier than when they came. In many a heart, the lark's warble had brought back memories of a village church and school in England, so that the most hardened adventurers found themselves longing for those gentler, refining associations that had gone unappreciated when they were within easy reach.

Heroine's Reward

THE Boston Cat Club's 54 Annual Championship Cat Show held at Horticultural Hall in Boston had a very special guest of honor. It was Fluffy, a three-year-old blue and cream Persian.

The Massachusetts S.P.C.A. presented her a special collar and an engraved plaque to honor her heroism in saving the lives of her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Junta, in a recent fire at their Charlestown home.

According to Mrs. Junta Fluffy wasn't allowed in the bedroom at night and to make sure that she didn't come in Mrs. Junta put a big piece of cardboard half way up the door. Fluffy had to jump over this cardboard. Since Fluffy weighs 18 pounds, this was quite a leap for her. Mr. and Mrs. Junta were awakened by Fluffy's screeching and pawing at their faces. When the Juntas finally reached the street they realized that Fluffy was still in the burning house. Their daughter screamed at one of the firefighters to save the cat that had saved her parents.

Fluffy was found in a puddle of water in the cellar, but she was so frightened that the firefighter couldn't get a hold of her. Realizing that they were getting nowhere in their attempts Mr. and Mrs. Junta's son took up a blanket, ran into the cellar and brought out the cat.

There's no more sleeping in the hallway for Fluffy now that the Juntas are back in their renovated home. Mrs. Junta said she is allowed right in the bed with them. Mr. Junta thinks so highly of Fluffy now that instead of giving her kidneys for a treat he now buys her beef steak.

All have a sense of security at Junta household knowing Fluffy's on the job.



Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Officer Herbert Cassie presenting engraved certificate of merit to Fluffy and Mrs. Samuel Junta.

Daily Duties

By Anne Russell



Newspapers are an important aid in training your puppy.

MOST puppy owners are aware of endless puddles, messes, and the resultant discolored rugs and unpleasant household odors.

Now if you want your puppy housebroken, and who doesn't, you as an owner can help your animal establish good habits by following these suggestions.

When you first bring the new puppy home, start your training. You will find right off, most puppies you buy are used to newspaper. So to firmly establish this habit, lay newspapers within easy reach of your new pet. Likely places may be by the back door, on the service porch, or bathroom floor. Wherever the spot, it is a good idea to put down several layers of newspapers. Likewise, it's best the chosen spot remain the same. For if you put the newspapers on the bathroom floor one day; the service porch the next; and so on . . . the animal is bound to be confused as to just where it is you want him to go. Place the newspapers in a regular spot each day; so that the place becomes familiar to your pet. If you remain consistent in your choice, soon it will become a habit for the pet to sniff and find his way to the chosen spot without any assist from his owner.

You can help in other ways, too. For instance, during that first week in his new home, watch the pup closely. When you

see he is becoming restless, sniffs around, or starts to squat, move quickly, pick him up, and place him on the paper. And if you know puppies it happens pretty quickly so keep a wary eye alerted during that first hectic week. After you have caught him, before the act, and he then uses the paper praise him lavishly with words and patting.

Be realistic, though. Accidents will naturally occur. If they do, immediately scold the animal, or place his nose close to the accident spot, say a firm "No!" and place the puppy on the paper. But remember, nose rubbings in the spot and spankings are not the proper techniques. Patience and firmness with a young puppy will bring about the desired results.

Again, when the puppy uses the paper on his own, praise him with "Good Dog!" and perhaps give him a dog biscuit treat along with your pat.

If you find that within a few days your well-trained pet starts going to the newspaper spot by himself for a number of trips you may assume the newspaper habit is established.

After this eventful first-stage-development of good habits takes place, start taking the puppy outside after his meals. Only for a few minutes at first but long enough for the purpose to be accomplished. If it is cold and wet, however,

take him out only after he has had full inoculation for distemper.

It is also a good idea to take the puppy out before bedtime, and when he first wakes up. Again praise him when he performs.

If you do not have an available backyard, a box lined with shavings or torn newspapers serves just as well.

The secret for training dogs to go outdoors, according to authorities is: "Absolute regularity of time for walks."

As an owner, therefore, keep a fairly regular routine of scheduled meals and exercise time. And before you know it, your well-trained puppy will be going to the door, scratching and barking to let you know when he wants out.

Remember, during the training period that patience, praise, firmness and treats to fit the occasion bring better results than spanking or nose rubbings.

Remember now!

Begin your training immediately upon bringing the new puppy home.

Establish the newspaper habit by choosing a regular spot.

Keep a watchful eye out for a restless, sniffing, squatting puppy.

When accidents occur scold with firmness and place on newspapers.

Develop a regular routine of scheduled meals and outdoor walk times.



The first snow of winter brings thoughts of sleep.

ONE of the most interesting acts of self-preservation among animals is hibernation, that more or less comatose condition in which certain animals pass the winter not so much to avoid the cold as to escape from the recurrent shortage of their food supply, brought about by seasonal change.

Although, the bushy-tailed grey squirrels that inhabit our backyards do not hibernate, they belong to that specie of rodent that does. That is why we see them scurrying around in the fall gathering food to store in some secret place. Instinct is so strong that they have to get ready for the big event even though they take no part in it.

In some animals, "Winter-sleep," as it is called, is much deeper than in others. The little dormouse, for instance, having spent the fall stuffing himself and hoarding food in some convenient burrow, finally curls up like a ball with his forepaws against his cheeks and his tail wrapped around his head and neck and goes into a profound state of torpidity

that may last for six months. His breathing slows down until it is almost imperceptible and the little fellow becomes so cold and rigid that he can be rolled like a ball across a table.

Bats hibernate as soon as cold weather has killed the insects upon which they feed. In the hollows of trees, in caverns, in old buildings and dark, hidden places, the bats hold on with their claws while asleep, hanging head down by the dozen, one over another.

Garden snails hibernate in the late autumn, each snail neatly glueing up the doorway of its moveable habitation before retiring. Large numbers of these little snail houses may be fastened together and lie concealed beneath dead leaves, under hedges or stones, or in fissures of rocks or walls. Worms delve deep down into the earth to hibernate beyond the reach of frost. Certain types of turtles burrow into the mud at the bottom of the water in which they live. Snakes and lizards seek crevices in rocks. The racoon, skunk and badger are reported as "holing-up" for the severest part of the winter.

Animal Wisdom

By Dorothy P. Walker

"...O sleep,

O gentle sleep,

Nature's

soft

nurse!"

—Shakespeare

Among the carnivores, the American grizzly and the black bear hibernate. Far to the frozen north, the polar bear eats voraciously during the summer; then with the coming of the first autumn blizzard, he goes to work hollowing out a snow bank: In this shelter, he lies down, soon to be covered by the swirling snow. The female bear spends the winter apart from her mate and goes into hibernation earlier in preparation for the arrival of her cubs.

One wonders, in these days of tense, competitive living, if such a state of suspended animation might not benefit man as well as the lower animals. Although our food supply is sufficient throughout the year, an enforced resting period of a few weeks, say, might be a better nerve tonic than all the "pep" pills and tranquilizers on the market.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Where Elmer Is



By Vida C. Ungaro

"IS Elmer there?" the voice over the phone asked Mr. and Mrs. James Coker, of Havertown, Penna. "Will you please tell him I have a bone for him." If he happens to be around at the time, the big friendly brown dog at the Coker residence usually gets the message right for he's out of the door in a dash, tail-thumping on Mr. Finegan's doorstep, the next door neighbor who phones for Elmer quite a lot.

But Elmer is a hard one to find because he has a lot of visiting to do. This makes him pretty "Dog-tired" at the end of his busy day since Havertown is a rather sprawling community, and he rarely misses a neighbor in "them thar hills."

Like a good many housewives, some folks in this town don't always have the time (or the inclination) to open their doors—especially if it might be a salesman, a bill collector, or that "gossipy Mrs. So and So" down the road. Elmer seems to have just the right personality for there's always an open-door policy granted him. He doesn't take advantage of their hospitality by overstaying his welcome. Just an amiable wag followed by a glance toward the kitchen for any leftover food. (If it happens to be a tough piece of beef, Elmer's brown eyes say "No thanks") and he's off to the next neighbor's house.

Elmer has good sense and is as depend-

able as his name and appearance implies. He seems to understand that many of the neighbors have children to get off to school and farm chores to attend to so he doesn't make a nuisance of himself. But he knew, too, there were lonely people in his hometown. For instance here was kindly Mrs. Haines, an elderly woman in her 70's who eagerly looked forward to Elmer's daily visits, particularly since the loss of her own dog, and since her son's work kept him away most of the day. She had all the time in the world for Elmer and he knew this too, for he spent a large part of his day being a bright companion, which was just the right kind of medicine for Mrs. Haines.

Life for Elmer was just one glorious round of visiting and eating. But one day was different—the day he became a kind of hero. The neighbors could hardly imagine Elmer in the hero role, for he never displayed any heroic qualities. In fact the Coker family will tell you (not in front of Elmer, of course) that even the mailman scares Elmer. Postal authorities would never issue an edict to have the Cokers pick up their mail at the local post office. (A policy threatened home owners due to strong differences of opinion that exist between some mailmen and dogs.) Elmer's mailman is a great joker and teases him by making a growling sound that sends Elmer flying down the cellar. He doesn't appreciate

this kind of humor. So you see, Elmer wasn't born great and I doubt if he would ever, on his own, "achieve greatness." But on the night of November 19, 1957, Elmer had "Greatness thrust upon him" and that was when his strong dependability came into flower. Mr. Cunningham, a nearby neighbor of Mrs. Haines, called the Coker home and stated that Elmer was in Mrs. Haines' home barking furiously and steadily for quite a while. He, himself, did not want to go in the house alone. However, as he was calling, Mrs. Haines' son drove in the driveway. Shortly, thereafter, Elmer returned home. He discovered that his mother had fallen downstairs and had fractured her hip. He found Elmer sitting as close by her side as possible, using the best equipment he had to attract someone's attention—his loud and constant bark. Though the son's return occurred at the right moment, nevertheless, Elmer's alarm carried far enough to alert a neighbor's attention, too.

As I said, Elmer may not look like the "stuff that heroes are made of"—just easygoing in his big, lumbering brown way, he'll do his duty as he sees it. Besides if I were looking for him to pin a medal on his collar, I wouldn't know where to begin looking, for in Havertown you don't ask "Who's Elmer?" but, "Where's Elmer?"



Your Dog's Family Tree

MAN'S best friend has a lineage that goes back centuries. And to most dog owners it is of more importance than their own family tree to know how and when their pet breed originated.

The history of dogs is a fascinating one. We know of their earliest existence in dog-and-man partnership through excavations of remains of early ages and crude drawings on the walls of ancient caves. But the great-great-grandfathers of "man's best friend" were wild, wolf-like creatures.

Dogs are believed to have been partially domesticated in the Pleistocene Age, approximately a million years ago, and were, therefore, the *first* domestic animals. It is possible that they were tamed by man throwing them bits of food from his cave. They were eventually accepted into the home, where they slept by the fireside and protected the family at night from marauding beasts. As the dog lost his primitive ferociousness, he became man's companion, protector and trusted friend.

Ancient records of Egyptian civilization prove that many types of dogs were in existence as early as 3000 B.C.

Down through the centuries, various breeds of dogs have been created for special purposes. By the process of selec-

tive breeding, man has strengthened and intensified certain desired characteristics and eliminated others that were unwanted. The present day breeds were developed just that way.

Man's earliest use of the dog was as an aid in hunting—many breeds were thus designed for pursuing and hunting food animals. Others were developed for hard labor as draught animals . . . or as the ornamental toys of Queens and Emperors.

The **BULLDOG** was originally used in England for the cruel game of bull-baiting (which was abolished in 1835). He has since become a household pet.

FOX TERRIERS were known as early as 1790. Keen-nosed and fearless, they were often carried on horseback and used to drive out a fox which hounds had chased underground.

The **BASSET HOUND** is honored as a breed of extremely ancient lineage. First raised in France for the slow trailing of deer, hare and other game, it was probably one of the first hounds brought to America.

Another of the oldest breeds in history, **BEAGLES**, were in England at the time of King Arthur and were given their name during Queen Elizabeth's reign from the

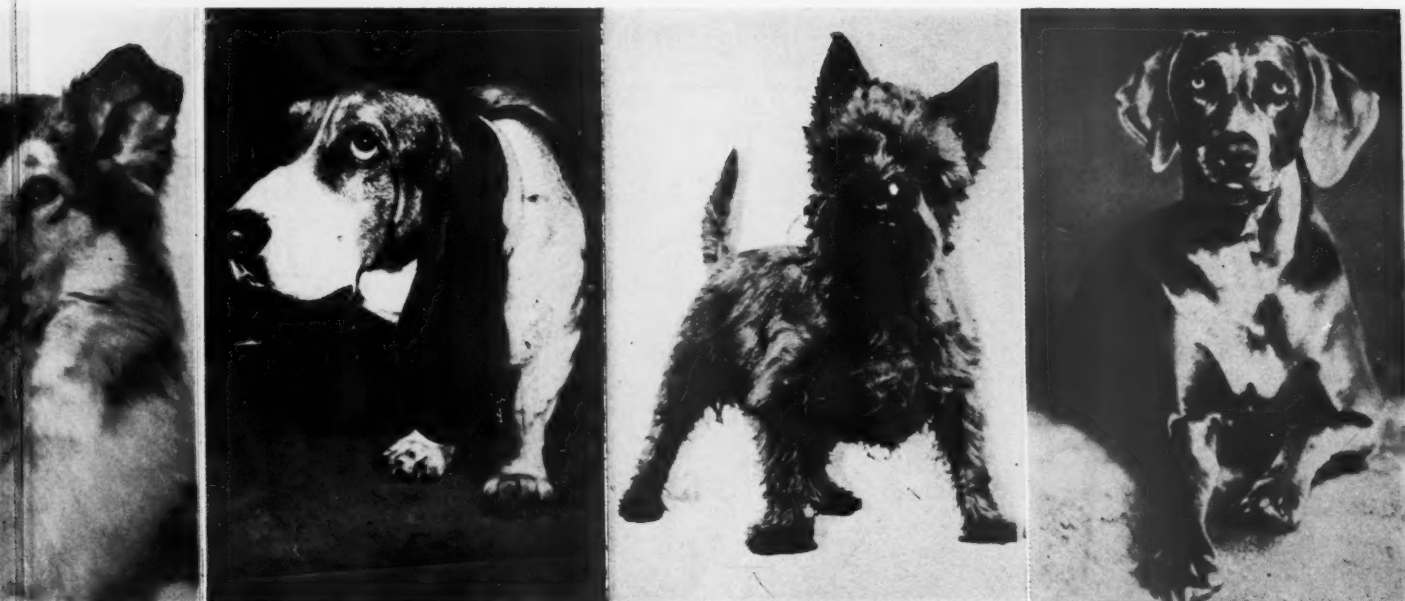
French word "beigle," meaning small. And, the man-trailing experts of dogdom, **BLOODHOUNDS**, were so carefully bred by the 12th Century monks that they earned the name "Blooded Hounds."

Often termed "The American Gentleman," the **BOSTON TERRIER** was developed in the 1870's in the area of Massachusetts for which it is named. While that graceful animal, the **BOXER**, can boast of ancestors who fought in Tiber many centuries ago, the present Boxer was cultivated in Germany during the past 100 years. Their name is said to come from the way they use their front feet when fighting or playing.

CHIHUAHUAS, the smallest of all dogs, were discovered in northern Mexico about 75 years ago. Their ancestry probably goes back either to the toy-like pets of early Spanish conquerors or to those of the ancient Aztecs.

And one of the large breeds, the **COLLIE**, developed its most admired possession, its heavy, abundant coat, as protection against the cold of the Scottish mountains. First used for herding sheep in the Highlands, this breed has existed for centuries.

Long-bodied and short-legged. **DACHSHUNDS** or, in German, "badger-dogs," were designed to crawl underground and



Photos courtesy Gaines Dog Research Center

Tree Is an Ancient One

hold badgers at bay until they could be dug out. Often compared in size to a "wiener," they are stout of heart and credited with a fortunate sense of humor.

GREAT DANES are one of the most distinct types, over 400 years old. They are supposedly descended from the English Mastiff and Irish Wolfhound and were first designed to hunt ferocious wild boars.

Many breeds of dogs owe their present-day existence to the kindness of Pharaohs and Queens. Some were favored companions of world-rulers and lived in royal luxury, waited on by personal servants. Madame du Pompadour and Marie Antoinette held tiny **PAPILLONS** on their laps while having their portraits painted.

GREYHOUNDS were favored by the Pharaohs of Egypt to chase hare and gazelle—over 4,000 years ago! This breed spread through Europe in early Greek and Roman times and was long the favorite of artists and aristocratic huntsmen in almost every Western nation. In 19th Century England coursing trials with Greyhounds became a popular sport.

The **MALTESE** has been known on the historically-famous island of Malta for 28 centuries! Statues were erected to it by the Greeks and it was worshipped by

the Egyptians. Brought to England about the time of Henry VIII, these tiny dogs with their long, silky white coats, were once carried in the sleeves of fashionable ladies.

Also looked upon as "God-like," was the **PEKINGESE**, titled "Royal and Sacred Dog of the Chinese Emperors." It made its first appearance in England when presented to Queen Victoria. Another of many breeds aided by Queen Victoria's patronage was the **POMERANIAN**, which rose rapidly in popularity during her reign.

Probably the world's oldest domestic animal, the **SALUKI HOUND**, is depicted in engravings on Egyptian tombs dating back to 7000 B.C. It is the Royal Dog of Egypt and *still* respected by the Moslems who normally consider a dog "unclean."

The career of the Flemish **SCHIPPERKE** as a fashionable pet began in 1885, when the wife of King Leopold II, and Queen of the Belgians, acquired one. And swift **IRISH WOLFHOUSES**, tallest of all dogs, accompanied their lordly masters when the Celts invaded Greece in 273 B.C.

Not all dogs, however, were originally used to ornament the gilded thrones of monarchs or follow knights in armor.

Probably most heroic—and hard-working—of dogs is the **ST. BERNARD**, credited with saving thousands of human lives in the three centuries they have been used as Alpine rescuers. These heroes of Switzerland have an extraordinary nose which enables them to find lost travelers through the bitterest storms.

America's popular household dog, the **COCKER SPANIEL**, originated in Spain. The name "Cocker" came about in a later day in England from their proficiency in hunting woodcock.

Knowledge of your dog's family-tree can aid you in maintaining his best health and appearance. Learning the reasons for his size, shape and coat, and general temperament, will help you appreciate him more and understand his needs. It would be foolish to expect your pet to be the rugged outdoor type if his forbears were all "home dogs"—just as it would be unfair to keep a large dog in the close confinement of a city apartment all the time.

Naturally not all dogs are purebred. In the background of the great percentage of today's dogs is a mixture of several breeds. But any dog can look and respond like a dog of pure lineage. It is largely a matter of understanding, affection, proper care and nutrition and training

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Six foot one and tipping the scales at two hundred—yet, he was reduced to a bumbling, eye-watering uselessness with a . . .

Cat in the Room

By Charlene Joy Talbot

LAMBERT knew there was a cat in the room the moment he opened the door. He could smell it. No matter what other smells infested a place—DDT, yesterday's cooking, even smoke—he could smell cats. He peered around in the gloom, his eyes watering.

"Here, kitty, kitty," he called hopelessly, his big, gravelly voice even to his own ears making a sound that would frighten the most trusting of kittens. He heard a small mew. He clumped toward the sound, his boots thumping the linoleum. He sneezed and cursed. Six feet, one inch in his socks, and tipping the scale at over two hundred—a fine specimen of a man. But a man allergic to cat fur. Just one small kitten, and he was reduced to bumbling, eye-watering uselessness. A fool in his own eyes—a fool and a laughingstock in everyone else's. This was typical—fumbling around a fifth-floor apartment after a kitten that had to be caught, or he wouldn't sleep tonight.

He stumbled over a chair and dabbed at his eyes. It would help if he could see! He made out the bed in the corner. The cat had retreated under it.

Clumsily he knelt. Sweat ran down his face. Holy mackerel, it was hot! He made a swipe under the bed. He touched fur and felt the kitten skip lightly away. It thought he was playing! He lunged again; again the kitten eluded him.

Was there *anything* that annoyed him as much as cats? He had never forgotten that devil-cat of the Snyders. He'd been six, just getting over pneumonia. The huge tom had sprung through the open window and plopped on his bed. He'd been jolted from sleep to see two burning eyes in the darkness, eyes

reflecting the glow of the streetlight. He'd had to lie there, rigid with fright, too weak and scared to call for help, while the unknown horror had glared steadily—deciding whether or not to devour him. A lifetime later, it had plunged back into the night, and he had screamed thinly. His mother had come to comfort him, and to explain that the *thing* could only have been the neighbor's cat.

Drat this cat and that cat, and all cats!

The little demon had probably retreated to the farthest corner. He sneezed again. He lay flat and snatched blindly. His hand closed on soft fur and soft little bones.

The cat shrieked and clawed. He'd struggled up, sneezes turning to coughs, his eyes streaming. It must be a hundred and fifty in the room!

He reached the window in four clumsy strides. Leaning far out, he took a quick glance at the street five stories below. With a wordless roar, he let the cat drop.

A yowl came faintly back at him. His mouth stretched in a grin. He wiped a sweating palm on his rubber coat and took a deep breath of fresh air.

He turned away, lowering his head and charging blindly for the door. He was struggling to open it when yells and laughter reached him, drifting up from the street.

Let them laugh, he thought, as he ran down the smoke-filled, water-drenched hall to the stairs. Let them laugh at the six stalwart firemen holding the net for one tiny kitten. Let them call him Lambert the cat-lover! At least he'd be able to sleep tonight, knowing the kitten hadn't been left to burn.

Feeding the Birds

By Louise Darcy

*Although a lot of birds go south,
Some stay up north with me,
The bluejays and the sparrow, too,
And the chickadee.*

*Each day I hear a phoebe call
Its name so loud and clear,
Some starlings usually drop in,
Birds come from far and near.*

*I had a nice surprise today,
I saw a robin red.
In wintertime I like to know
That my bird friends are fed.*

BIRDS THAT WEATHER THE WINTER STORMS



Jack Dolph
Bluejay



U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey
Sparrow



U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey
Chickadee



Gordon S. Smith
Phoebe



U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey
Starling



Milwaukee Journal Photo
Robin



Helping

By Alfred I. Tooke

*Those who give the birds a drink
Help to do God's work. I think
God will bless them for each deed
That will fill some creature's need;
And for thoughtful, kindly care
For His creatures everywhere.*

Human Element

By Helen Langworthy

IN our northern Michigan town, a mourning dove took good care of her two fledglings, until a heavy wind storm tore down their nest. The female dove then balanced herself in the tree, that was still buffeted by the wind, and she clutched one of her youngsters with each foot.

The human family that had watched her build her nest, watched now—knowing that the dove would be forced to drop her small ones to their death. The people recalled that there was a small Easter basket tucked away in a closet. They hurriedly got it out, and were glad to find that some of the paper "grass" was still intact. They approached the tree where the dove was keeping her losing vigil.

Climbing a ladder, the man of the family gently took the babies from the mother dove and placed them and the tattered remains of their nest in the Easter basket. He had little hopes that the bird would trust him and return to care for her family. Even so, he wired the basket tightly to the branch of the tree.

After a bit, the mother dove returned cautiously. She took up her interrupted family duties—accepting the new home in the spirit in which it was given.



Therapeutic Pets

By Erma Reynolds

LIVE animals are used to hasten the recovery of young patients in University Hospital at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In 1945, a few tame animals were brought to the children's quarters of the hospital to carry out the theory of hospital administrators that pets with their fascinating ways could be used as therapeutic treatment for homesick juvenile patients.

The experiment proved so successful that today the original few animals have expanded to a sizeable collection of puppies, ducks, rabbits and goats, with each pet doing a fine job of banishing melancholy spirits and hastening the recovery of little patients.

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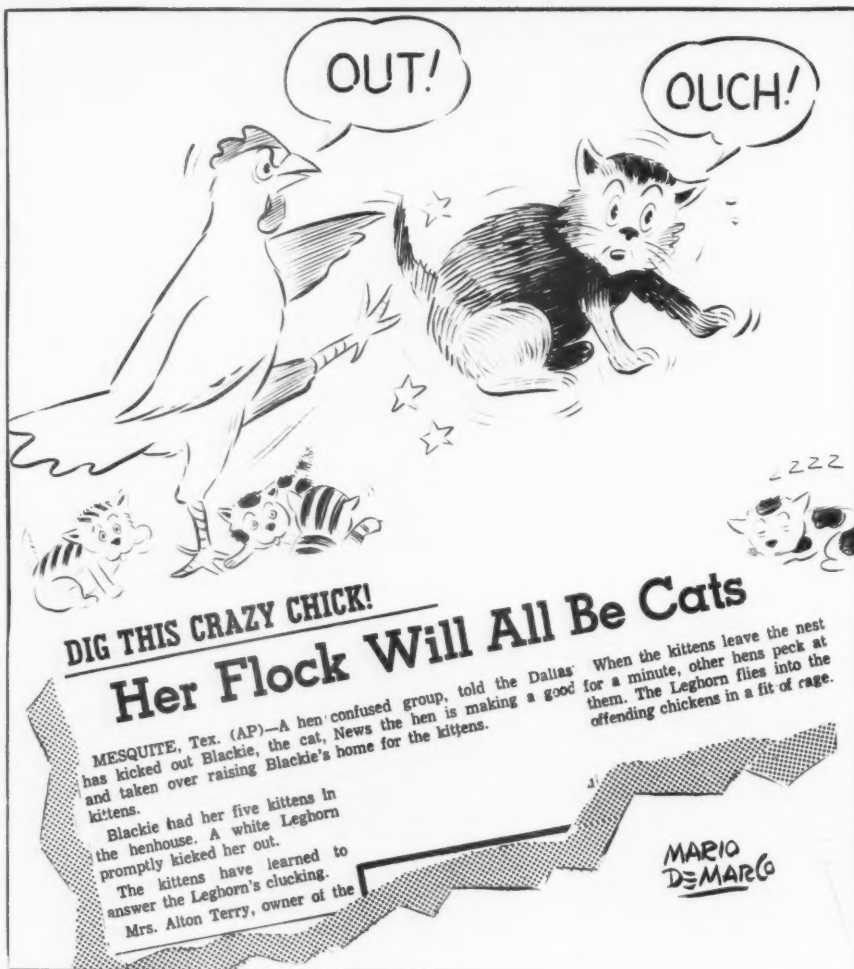
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Our brand new 1959 Bound Volume of OUR DUMB ANIMALS will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

Animal News Bits

By Mario De Marco



Lace-Makers In Action

By Elizabeth Bachman

Courtesy of the Conservation
Volunteer—Minnesota

AS the winter snows descend with a hushed silence I think back to a bronze-brown landscape in Autumn covered with a tracery of fragile spider-webs. Trees, bushes, grass and fences were made one harmonious whole by a filigree network of the finest lace. Each shimmering thread of a strand of minute pearls of dew, with a diamond here and there sparkling in the early morning sunlight.

With the pearls of dew on the webs it was possible to see the beauty of the weaving and the symmetry of the pattern. The center of each web was a solid mass of threads. Radiating outward from the center were several long anchor lines fastened at some distance to substantial objects.

Young spiders on the autumn days climb to the tops of bushes and fences and then emit these tufts of threads from their abdominal spinnerettes. The filaments are so fine that air currents can easily lift them. They are strong enough to carry the little spider to great heights. Floating about in the air, these fine threads meet and become entangled; they form masses of web and frequently fall upon shrubs and fields, covering them with a coating of fine white silk, intermingled with the orb webs of the adult spiders.

While the youngsters spin their threads for the fun of flying, the mother spiders spin for a more serious purpose. The females of all spiders lay eggs, from which the young are subsequently hatched. The first act of the mother before laying is to



Nat'l Audobon Soc. H. H. Harrison

The finest lace glistening with droplets of dew.

spin a small saucer-shaped web. In this she deposits the eggs and then covers them with several layers of silk to form a cocoon.

The cocoons differ greatly in shape, color and texture, according to the spider which makes them. Sometimes the outer casing is caked with earth for purposes of concealment. After the construction of the cocoon, the mother's interest in its fate varies with different spiders. The garden spider, for instance, pays no attention to it. She suspends it in or near her web and leaves the young spiders to shift for themselves.

In some cases the mother spider remains on guard nearby meanwhile spinning a regular nest for her young and herself. In the case of the wandering species, the mother carries the cocoon about with her, either attached to her spinners or clasped between her mandibles.

The young hatch inside the cocoon and subsequently make their way to the outer world through a rupture in its walls. They emerge quite helpless, clinging together in clusters, staying in the nest if they have one, or clambering onto their mother's back if she is the kind who stays with her young.

During growth the skin is periodically cast. On an average, spiders undergo about eight or ten moults before reaching maturity. Not until the final cast do

they appear as male and female. The male is generally the smaller of the two, sometimes being of quite insignificant size in comparison with the female. He also has longer legs and thinner abdomen, and is therefore the more graceful and active of the two.

When the male and female spiders are nearly equal in size, the male is comparatively safe from his spouse during the courtship period, but when he is much the weaker of the two, his Amazon wife avails herself of her superiority in size and strength to do away with her mate.

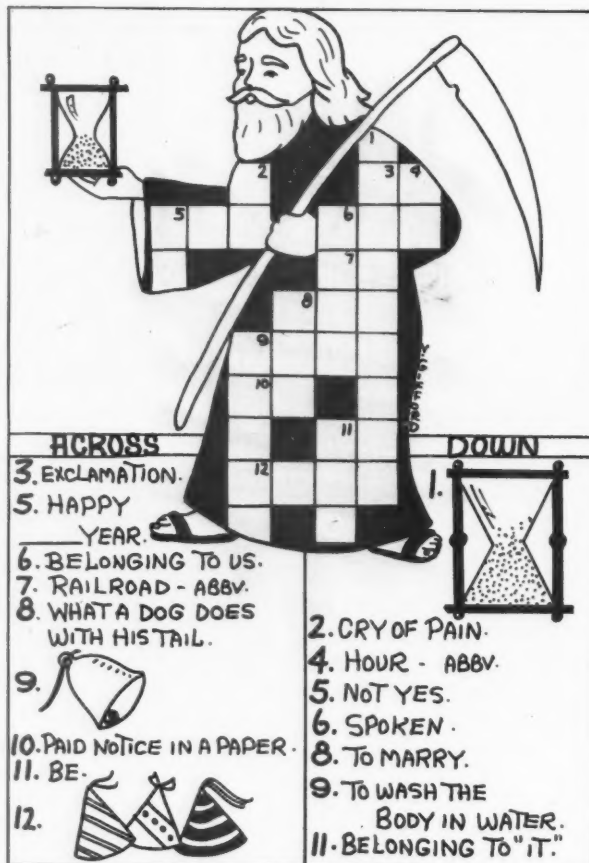
Webs, of course, are used for snaring insects which the spider may devour. One spider has an ingenious method of overcoming insects like bees with which it is afraid to come to close quarters, when they have fallen into the web. Attaching a thread to a spot close at hand, the spider runs in circles around and around its entangled prey, letting out the thread as it goes and gradually enveloping the insect and putting a stop to its struggles.

In my reminiscence I can again see the baby spiders floating on their silken chariots. The wind carries them gently for many miles before depositing them at the end of their migration. The fragile threads on which they ride form the network of lace which adorns the autumn countryside.

The YOUNG

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.



Peppy

By Nancy Rebecca Davis—age 8

I have a young dog,
Her name is Peppy.
I think she is teething.
I like her very much.

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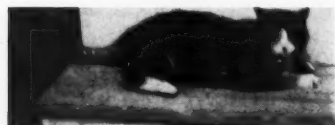
ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: (Across)—3. hats. (Down)—1. hourglass, 2. ow, 4. Hr, 5. no, 6. oral, 8. wed, 9. bathe, 11. It's.

READER'S Pages



Chum barks at certain people
For pluck he doesn't lack,
But one thing which he never does
Is talk behind their back.

Edna Markham.



Coincidence

By Kathy Rich — Age 10

IT really was a coincidence when Tinker came to our house. "She" bothered our other cat, Tiger, who was a year old then. (He is two years old now.) Tinker, when small, was a fat, fluffy kitten and I must say very playful. She went away three times and she has come back every time. The cats kept fighting until one day Tiger disappeared. No one knew what happened to him until recently. This is the coincidence. Tinker is a boy. We thought he was a girl before. That's why Tiger ran away. He too was a boy. Tiger came back about a week ago. Tinker has a broken leg now. All our family is happy we have our two cats with us now.

Lovable Coward

By Mary Cumpston—age 11

MY pet Ranger is a beautiful German Shepherd. He is mostly black with light brown markings on his legs, face and chest. His Hobby is "protecting" us.

Almost all the time he is in the house he lies in his favorite place by a window that is situated so he can see both the front and back door. The other reason he likes that place is because he can ruin the velvet curtain if he lies up against it.

At the slightest noise that might be a person coming to visit, or the second anyone comes into sight, Ranger is at the door, barking his head off with hair bristling and tail straight up in the air. But if one of us isn't there to back him up, he is much quieter and backs up when the door opens. Sometimes he makes a mistake and barks at some one in our family, and when he finds out he's ashamed.

The silliest thing he does is to bark at the next door neighbors as they move about in their own kitchen. Also he barks at the sound of screeching brakes and any other sounds he can hear just to show us that we're very safe with him around.

The naughtiest thing Ranger ever did, was one that we won't forget for a long time. Mommy and Daddy had two guests over from Massachusetts and they were giving a big party for them. I was down in the cellar and I heard a very familiar sound. Ranger had found something he shouldn't have and was chewing it extra loud to attract attention. I rushed up into the kitchen and found Ranger had eaten 27 hors d'oeuvres and half the stew which was for the party. What a night!

But in spite of all these things we love Ranger very much and he loves us.

Don't Delay

Do It Today!

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Massachusetts

Join: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club Now!

Readers on Review



"**W**E all enjoy your magazine very much and so do our friends. . . . Here is a snapshot of my daughter Raelene's dog. Peggy is now two years old. We love all animals and have had quite a few including among others, six ponies, a cat and a dog and even goats." — Sent in by Mrs. Mary E. Davis, Henniker, New Hampshire.



"**C**ATS and all animals are my one great love. . . . Here is one of Smokey's Christmas pictures. . . . Am hoping ODA will be in print and circulation a long time." — Sent in by Mrs. George P. Fox, Westminster, Maryland.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning January 1, 1960, the general subscription rate to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be \$2.00 per year. Single copies — 20¢ each.

A sliding scale of prices for bulk orders will be, as follows and apply only when the number of subscriptions indicated are sent in at the same time:

1 - 4 Subscriptions — \$2.00 each
5 - 24 Subscriptions — \$1.50 each
25 - 49 Subscriptions — \$1.25 each
50 - 99 Subscriptions — \$1.00 each
100 Subscriptions and over —
\$.75 each

Out of the Past



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Vol. 1 Boston, June 2, 1868 No. 1

"We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves"

"I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,

Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Vol. 3 Boston, June, 1870 No. 1

Better than Greenbacks

Two young friends of ours on a summer's pedestrian tour, applied at a farmhouse for lodgings, but were refused as suspicious-looking characters, until one, in evidence of respectability, and as a last resort, produced a copy of "Our Dumb Animals," and upon this guarantee they were hospitably entertained.

Vol. 1 Boston, July 7, 1868 No. 1

"To teach your children gentleness, And mercy to the weak, and reverence For life, which in its weakness or excess, Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence."

Vol. 2 Boston, September 7, 1869 No. 4

The Most Beautiful Hands

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up; the question is too hard for me. But ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

Editor's note: ODA, now in its 93rd year of continuous publication, introduces a new feature for the coming year. This column will be devoted to quotes from the past pages of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** some humorous and others serious.



Progress Report on: Project Braille

ON page 13 of the December issue I revealed to you the hopes and aspirations of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** for the New Year. It was pointed out that there are a vast number of people, both young and old, who because of failing sight or blindness have never had the heart warming experience of reading **ANIMALS**. I proposed the project of having printed in Braille the **BEST OF ODA** yearly, supported entirely by contributions and donations. Naturally, the success or failure of this project depends not only on your spiritual but also on your financial aid. I then ended by asking all those interested parties to write to me at ODA office. The response was very gratifying and the advice and suggestions received have aided greatly in preparing the ground work for **PROJECT BRAILLE**. However, the green light has not yet shone because of a lack of funds without which not even one braille issue can be printed. If only 1/3 of our readers would be able to see their way clear and send in just one dollar to aid in this worthy humane undertaking our goal for this year might be reached. Please send your donations to:

PROJECT BRAILLE, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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14. The Eternal Turtle	—	40c	\$3.00
15. Care of the Horse	10c	75c	\$4.50

The following material will suggest units of study that will help elementary teachers to provide children with understanding that man and nature are interdependent. Such teaching would create attitudes of kindness toward pets and other animals and a feeling of personal responsibility and appreciation for natural resources.

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6. Junior Humane Societies (manual for adults)	10c	80c	*\$6.00
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The Kindness Train	10c	80c	*\$6.00
One Morning Long Ago	10c	75c	*\$5.00
10. Care of the Cat (35 mm black and white film-strip which comes complete with teacher's manual)	\$2.50 each		
11. Nature Recreation, by Dr. W. G. Vinal (book)	\$3.50 each		
12. The Outdoor Schoolroom for Outdoor Living, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	\$1.00 each		
13. Nature Games, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	(25c each, two or more, 20c each)		
14. The Nature Guides' Dictionary, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	(twenty-five or more, 17c each)		
15. Animals in the Classroom	10c	75c	\$5.00
16. Dog and Cat Care	—	60c	\$4.00
17. Power of Kindness	—	60c	\$4.00
18. Teaching with Toads and Turtles	—	60c	\$4.00

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The monthly magazine OUR DUMB ANIMALS with pictures, stories, articles and a children's page is 20 cents per copy and \$2.00 per year.

Please enclose 10 cents above cost of materials for small orders to help defray the cost of handling and mailing. Due to the increased costs of postage and handling we are obliged to charge for this on quantity orders.

All orders and correspondence should be addressed to:

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Here is your resolution:

RESOLVED: That in this year of 1960, I will send subscriptions to five more libraries, schools or families than I did last year.

See how easy it is, and yet, you will be giving entertainment and sound education to many, many people. You will be one with us in endeavoring to build character and increase kindness to animals.

To paraphrase Winston Churchill's famous words, "Never did so little mean so much to so many."

As you know, the subscription price of *Our Dumb Animals* is now \$2.00 a year, but we are making a special offer to those sending in five or more subscriptions at the same time — a very much reduced rate of \$1.50 a subscription.

Won't you make up your mind *now* to carry out this resolution. Just fill in the blank, add additional names and send with your check to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

New Year's Club

This certifies that you are one of those extraordinary persons
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I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

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(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

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